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THE "NEW JOURNALISM" BEATS HIM.

DIME NOVEL WRITER.—And they used to say that *my* books were bad for young peoples' morals!



#### AN EXTRACT

FROM "FLORA, THE FACTORY GIRL; OR, THE DOOM OF THE DUDE WITH THE DYED MOUSTACHE."

"I LEARNED THE secret of my beauty," said the factory girl, proudly, "first from yonder mirror; then, your own furious jealousy told me I was peerlessly handsome; and, finally, from the lips of Raymond St. Clair, your betrothed, came the soft accents that informed me that so radiant a face as mine —"

"Curses!" hissed her rival. "Curses on your fatal gift of beauty and your bewitching wiles! I scorn ye both!"

#### IN CONFIDENCE.

UNCLE BOB.— So you were at the head of your class for a week?

JOHNNY.— Yes. I wish I had n't done that.

UNCLE BOB.— Why?

JOHNNY.— Because Mama did n't know I could, and now she'll expect me to do it again.

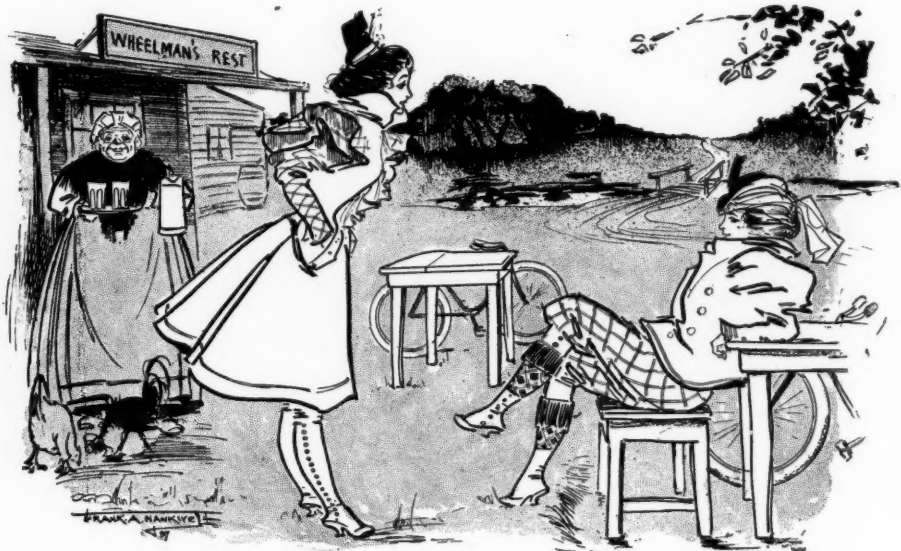
#### A GRAVE QUESTION.

BROWN.— Well, McKinley will have his hands full with Cuba and the currency and the tariff.

JONES.— Yes; but he has a more serious problem than any of those.

BROWN.— What is it?

JONES.— How to get rid of the original McKinley men.



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#### ANNOYING.

MELICENT.— Are n't bicycle lamps annoying?

MIRIAM (*vexatiously*).— Yes; mine goes out every time I run into anybody!

#### THE VANISHED SKIRT.

LITTLE GLADYS KNICKERS (*Anno Domini 1920, looking at the family portraits*).— O Mama! did n't Grandma ever have no legs?

#### A MISTAKE.



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DENNIS O'FLYNN.— Phat roight hov yez to be afther wavin' av that flag, yez yaller-livered, moon-eyed Chink! It's not th' loikes av yez as Dennis O'Flynn will be afther allowin' to carry th' flag av dear ould Ireland! Take it in, or Oi'll give yez such a slap in th' face that I'll knock all yez tathe down yez throat!



MRS. HOP LEE (*appearing hurriedly at the door*).— Knock his tathe down his throat, will yez? Just thry it wance! Phat roight has he to wave th' flag, do yez ask? The roight av a son av a decindint av th' ould Oirish Kings. Thot's phat roight he has, ye British shpy! Now gwan away from here, or Oi'll break yez face wid dis flat-iron!





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## HIS CRITICISM.

"I understand, Lucindy," began the Kohack Philosopher, addressing his favorite niece, "that the pastor was held up, night before last."

"Why! what do you mean, Uncle?" exclaimed the young lady.

"Wal, I heard suthin' about a gang of villains enterin' the parsonage and trampin' popcorn and chewin'-gum and gingerbread into the carpet, pickin' on the children and a mandolin or two, breakin' down three or four of the best chairs, eatin' up all the fodder in the house, tearin' leaves out of several of the pastor's most prized books, criticisin' everything on the place, and goin' away, leavin' the poor man prostrated, the children cryin', and the weakly, hard-workin' wife and mother worryin' herself sick over the future. I understand, too, that some of the marauders —"

"Why, Uncle, how you talk!" broke in Miss Lucinda, indignantly. "You know very well that the 'marauders,' as you call them, are members of the congregation, and that —"

"Pears to me I did hear suthin' of the kind, admitted the old codger; "and that 's what makes the outrage all the more heenyus. If it had been the work of tramps or gypsies we might have partially excused 'em by thinkin' that they was n't aware of the fact that that unselfish old man has worn out the best years of his life here in the service of the Book and his fellow-men, and is worse off to-day in pocket and health than when he began, and only richer in the approval of his Master and his own conscience, and in the possession of a large stock of children. If the intruders had been professional robbers and had been aware that the minister's salary is so far in arrears that it is likely to git lost if it ever attempts to catch up with him, and that his best coat is so brown at the seams that it has to be inked every once in a while to make it look half-way respectable, and that the wife's Sunday dress is so old-fashioned that, if she was n't so good a woman, she would be too much ashamed of it to go to church at all, and that they had to sell their cow long ago and lately quit buyin' a pint of milk a day from the milkman because they could n't afford it, and that they believe that their youngest boy — the one

with the big eyes and crooked back — might be cured of his spinal trouble if they could afford to place him under the care of one of the big doctors in the city, and —"

"Uncle!"

"Eh-yah! I was goin' to say that if the intruders had been common hoss-thieves or grave-robbers, or anything like that, and had known the truth, I feel sure they would have staid away altogether, or else have gone off and stole a lot of necessities and carried 'em there."

"Uncle, you must not talk so! We carried baskets of provisions, and —"

"So I heard! The gang packed a mess of gingerbread and popcorn and so on there, and tramped into the carpet all of it that they did n't eat; and took several fine cakes, and ate every crumb of 'em up. They also ate the only two cans of jelly the poor woman had left in the cellar, and three of their seven hens, that she 'd depended on for eggs, and all of their last ham, except the knuckle. In return, they left some dried beef, that was drier than the *Congressional Record*, a bag of knurly apples, a lot of broken soda crackers, the heels of several loaves of bread, and a cane with a silver-plated head and an imitation-ebony tail, for the pastor. And, in view of the fact that the children can't eat a cane —"

"I will not listen to you any longer, Uncle!"

"Oh! I'm about through. I jest want to add that, if the invaders had been professional pirates, I don't think they would have tortured the helpless family by compellin' them to listen to recitations by a lispin' young lady elocutionist, nor have expected them to laugh at the sickenin' spectacle of a bald man, with a face painted on the back of his head, carryin' on-a fierce dialogue between Marmion and What's-his-name, facin' his victims while doing one character's part, and turnin' the back of his head around, when the other character spoke, and changin' his voice to suit each. I don't think — What! You ain't goin' now, are you, Lucindy?"

Tom P. Morgan.

## A NATURAL QUESTION.

"My little girl's eyes are the color of the sea," said Margie's Papa holding the small miss in his arms.

"An' is zat why ze tears tas' so salty?" she asked.

## A CASE FOR A COMPROMISE.

FIRST CABMAN. — I axed him t'ree dollars, but he said he had only two; an', anyhow, he said de legal fare was only one.

SECOND CABMAN. — Well, I s'pose you took de two dollars an' accepted de apology.

## CONSOLED.

"How did Coltherstone take the news of his aunt's death?"

"Well — he was sorry she had to go — but he was glad she had twenty-five thousand dollars, she did n't take with her."

## ENCOURAGING.

FRED. — He married the girl I was engaged to.

ARTHUR. — Well, don't worry. You'll get over it before he does.

## A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

"I've about decided to give up the study of law. I fear I'll find it too confining."

"Oh! keep on. You'll soon be admitted to the bar, and then you won't have anything to do."

## LOOKING FORWARD.

NURSE. — Twins! A boy and a girl!

HARLEM FLATTE (*the happy father*).

—D—D—Does the janitor know it yet?

TOO MANY of us Americans seem to go abroad just to read our guide-books.

SOME OF our happiest moments are spent in air-castles.

"FISHERMAN'S LUCK" — when he can find some one who believes him.



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"DAMPENING HIS SPIRITS."

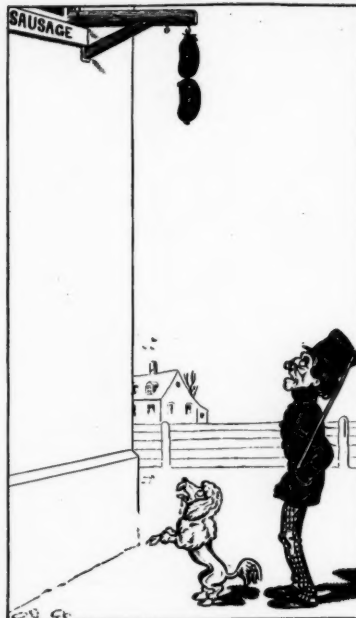


AN ELEVATED DINNER, AND HOW IT WAS PROCURED.

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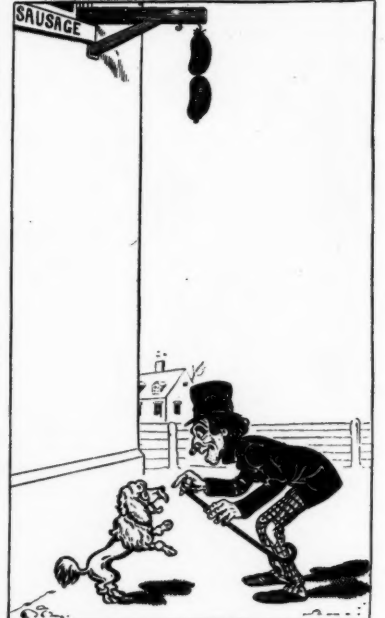
I.  
K. NINE.—That's right, Carlo; times is hard! Nobody 'pears to want to hire a performing dog any more, and we have n't had a mouthful to eat to-day.



II.  
"Ah! What is that?"



III.  
"Oh! if I only was borned a giant, we would n't be hungry now!"



IV.  
"By the Great Barnum! I have it! Carlo, doth remember that old, old trick we used to play?"



HIS DREADFUL FALL.

"HEAR ME!" said a prominent resident of the City of Brotherly Love, wagging his head solemnly; "it is sad to think to what depths a man will sink after he has once got started on the downward way. Look at poor Cadwallader Pennington, for instance."

"I have not seen that wild young dog for an age," responded the second citizen of Ladieshome-journalville, who was also prominent. "What has he been doing lately?"

"He has taken to gambling!" was the answer, in a voice suitable for referring to such a heinous crime. "I heard him, only last night, offer to bet a doughnut that he could prove a certain assertion he had just made!"

NOT ADEPT.

"I hurl my defiance into your very teeth!" she exclaimed, with heaving bosom.

"Ha! ha!" sneered her persecutor.

For hers was a crude age, and women were not as yet received at those seats of learning where they play basket-ball and things and become adept at throwing.

ABREAST OF THE TIMES.

FIRST EDITOR.—There is complaint that our hints for housewives are not abreast of the times.

SECOND EDITOR.—Suppose we call them hints for flatwives, hereafter.

HIS HANDICAP.

PEDDLER.—Vere can you get such cheap shoe-lace as dose?

CUSTOMER.—I can get 'em cheaper in the dry-goods stores.

PEDDLER.—Mein frendt, dot vos a mistake. If I choost had der money to adfertise, I could drive dem dry-goods stores out of der shoe-lace peeze.

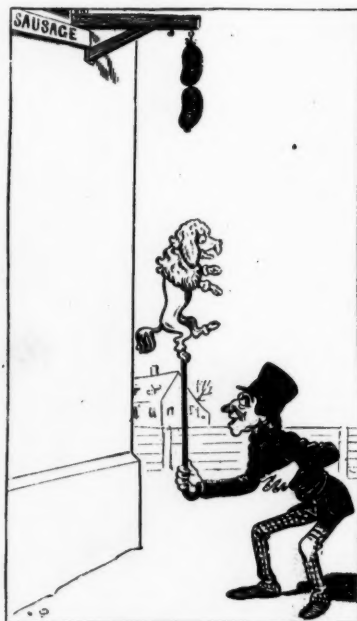
A CHEERFUL GIVER.

JUDGE.—You are charged with stealing a razor.

PRISONER.—Aw! whocher givin' me?

JUDGE.—Ten days.

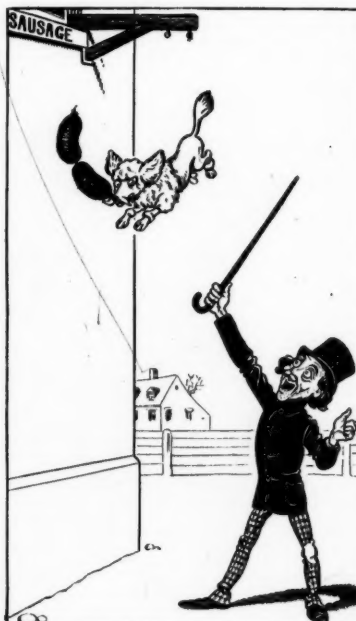
ALL THE world's a stage, and the production seems to require a tremendous array of "supes."



V.  
"Ah! that's the idea. Now, steady!"



VI.  
"That's it! No; bite off the string! Your teeth should be sharp; they have n't been used much lately!"



VII.  
"Good! Jump!"



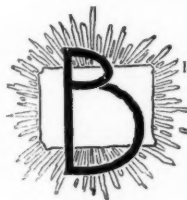
VIII.  
"Tell you what, Carlo, this ain't a half-bad lunch, is it?"





CHEAP.

DAUGHTER.—Father, I wish to marry the Count.  
FATHER.—But, from the reports I hear of the fellow he is n't worth much.  
DAUGHTER.—Then, Father, if he is n't worth much, you certainly can afford to buy him for me!



WHO THEY WERE.

BRIGGS.—I've been thinking it over, and I have come to the conclusion that there's nothing in this bachelor's life that I am leading.  
GRIGGS.—What has brought you to that?  
BRIGGS.—Well, in the first place, it caters to a man's selfish nature. To gratify your own selfish impulses may seem happiness, but, after all, it's artificial.  
GRIGGS.—That's so.  
BRIGGS.—Just take the matter of companionship, for instance. What is there that satisfies a man's nature so much as the companionship of a sweet, loving woman? Can men do it?  
GRIGGS.—I admit there is something in that.  
BRIGGS.—No, sir; I tell you it's all wrong! We bachelors think we are having a good time; but we are not—not a bit of it! To be free



AN UNUSUAL, BUT PLEASANT WISH.

THE MANAGER (to the Living Skeleton).—Well, Bones, here goes! May your shadow ever grow less!

—that's our motto; and yet there's no more hopeless slave on earth than your average bachelor. Then let me ask you, what effect does it have on a man's character? Does it lift him up—make him any better?

GRIGGS.—I don't know that it does.

BRIGGS.—Certainly not. There is nothing elevating about it. Let men associate among themselves for a time, and what do they become? Don't they lose their refinement?

GRIGGS.—They certainly do.

BRIGGS.—As an illustration, take my club. What real, permanent good does it do me to go around there and associate with those fellows? But what can I do? I have n't got a home, the tender comradeship of some loving woman, and so I am forced to do it.

GRIGGS.—True, old man! And yet there is one little thing that does not seem to have occurred to you.

BRIGGS.—What's that?

GRIGGS.—Don't you know that nearly all the members of your club are married men?

Tom Masson.



NO TIME.

THE DEACON (in a horrified whisper to the PASTOR).—Say, Pastor, dere 's a poker game goin' on up in de choir.

THE PASTOR (impatiently).—Well, yo' don't s'pose I kin jine 'em now when I'se jist 'bout commencin' my sermon, do yo'?

WHY HE WANTED IT.

"Papa, won't you buy me a watch?"

"What for, my boy?"

"I want to trade it to Billy Wiggins for one of his pups."

NOT RECIPROCATED.

MRS. NEWROCKS.—I like our new butler very much.

MR. NEWROCKS.—So do I; but, sometimes, I'm afraid he has a poor opinion of us.

NO VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT.

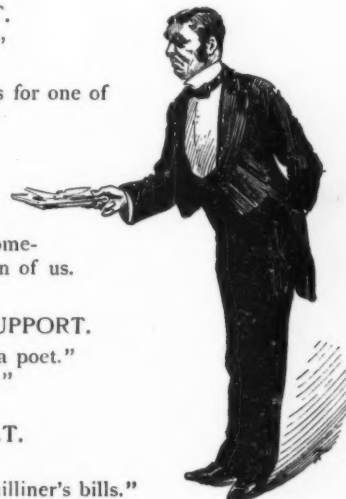
"That is Mr. Penman. He is a poet."

"What does he do for a living?"

A FREQUENT RESULT.

"She is setting her cap for him."

"Yes. He'll soon be paying her milliner's bills."





CONFIDENTIAL.

WUD YIZ afther be learnin' how dearly Oi love ye?  
Well, come, whispur now, an' the trooth Oi 'll explain.  
But 't is not over there ye 's be hearin' a whispur,  
Me wur-rds hov no wings fur such trav'ling, me quane!

Arrah, musha! — thot 's better! But now, by St. Patrick!  
Me wur-rds hov tuk flight an' flown outer me head!  
Shure, they hoide in me heart whin Oi luk in your face, swate,  
An' sorra a wur-rd is there lift to be said!

But if ye 'd be hovin' reploy to yur askin',  
It 's no Cathody Rays ye 'll be needin' to tist;  
Fur, loite av me loife, 't is me moinde thot is opaque —  
So nistle yur head, darlin', close to me brist.

F. T. H.

AN OLYMPIAN SCORCHER.

MARS.—How long would it take you to deliver a message to Neptune?

MERCURY.—I don't know; but I can get along pretty lively on my new wheel.

PURIFICATION.

The speaker was bringing his argument to a triumphant close.  
"The opposition," he exclaimed, "is left without a leg—I mean a foot—to sit on."

That was to say, the modification of political conventionalities as a result of the participation of women in the right of suffrage, was indubitably in the direction of a greater purity.

TWINS.

BABY-CARRIAGE DEALER (*affably*).—What sort of baby-carriage do you wish, sir?

WHEELER (*meekly*).—W-hy—er—a tandem one, please.

NOT FAST ENOUGH.

DOLLY SWIFT.—Is n't old Jack Rush, who is paying court to Miss Thirtysmith, rather fast?

SALLY GAY.—Decidedly so, but not fast enough to get away from her.

A DEFINITION.

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Pa, what is a paradox?

MR. CALLIPERS.—A possible impossibility, my son.

HIS REDEEMING TRAIT.

VISITOR.—What 's all the noise upstairs?

OCCUPANT OF FLAT.—Oh! that 's the little Jones boy raising some infernal racket.

VISITOR.—He must be an unpopular youngster if he goes on like that.

OCCUPANT OF FLAT.—Unpopular? He 's a general favorite. Why, that boy sometimes plays tricks on the janitor!

OUTING.

Oh! what a time had I!  
Tossed on the ocean blue,  
It seemed as if the inner man  
Were after an outing, too.

THE THEATRICAL manager may hitch his wagon to a star, and then find that the star won't draw.

THE MEANER a man is, the harder it is to make him feel mean.



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VOICELESS.

BARBER.—The boss is home, sick, he has a bad cold.

CUSTOMER.—Yes? Too hoarse to work?



FRANK A. HANCOCK  
—1897

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WHAT THE BREEZE DID.

SHE.—This is healthy weather, anyhow.

HE.—Very! I had my whole system toned up this morning by an exciting chase after my hat.





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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE EASTERN SQUABBLE.

EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY in the East continues to preach a high and humane morality and to practise a steady devotion to its own selfish ends. There are some discordant notes in the concert of the Powers just now, but they only repeat a discord which has been periodical since the Powers first took the direction of Turkish affairs, and which must continue so long as their real object is to keep a jealous watch upon one another. Because of their interested support of the Ottoman Empire they were directly responsible for the Cretan troubles of thirty years ago; they must be held accountable for the Bulgarian atrocities of twenty years ago; the blame is theirs for the frightful Armenian massacres of last year and the year before; and, now, for the trouble in Crete. While professing to have interfered only from motives of lofty disinterest they have, in effect, encouraged and protected the Sultan in his misgovernment. Indeed, it is hard to see how the unspeakable Turk could have been any more unspeakable had he been left to his own sanguinary devices. He has received ultimatums until he must feel hurt and neglected when he can not begin his day by reading a fresh one, stern and final in tone. And then there is the British Blue Book. Whenever the cries of outraged Christians have become unusually piercing the British Foreign Office, nerved to desperation by their suffering, has rashly and wrathfully issued a Blue Book. But even this desperate remedy has not availed to make Armenians in Constantinople good life-insurance risks. There is a lesson in this situation for our own legislators. Let them review these futile efforts to answer the Eastern question, and see how all real patriotism and decency are sacrificed to base and selfish ends when a nation goes out of its way to interfere with the affairs of another.

OLD JOURNALISM AND NEW.

A NEEDED LIGHT is thrown upon the "new journalism" of our day by a chapter in a lately published life of Charles Lamb. It deals with the great tragedy of Lamb's life, the killing of his mother by his sister, and shows how the newspapers of a hundred years ago treated such things. Returning one day from India House to the lodgings in Little Queen Street, Lamb heard shrieks issuing from an upper room. He rushed upstairs and found Mary Lamb, her eyes gleaming in unconscious mania, about to attack her helpless mother with a carving-knife. He was too late to avert the tragedy. The elder Lamb was cut in trying to wrest the knife from the mad woman, and before Charles could reach her she had mortally wounded their mother and was flourishing the knife for new victims. Help came and she was overpowered and taken to a madhouse. Sense fully the awful details of this tragedy and then imagine, if you can, the disgust with which an editor of the "new journalism" would read the following:

After the awful event the papers of the day were most considerate and reticent, not making capital out of each harassing detail. Names were suppressed, and there was no gloating over the scenes. The young clerk's grief was too sacred to be paraded before the public as a bit of entertaining news. The *London Times* only spoke of "the sad death of an elderly woman by the frenzied hand of an insane daughter, in the neighborhood of Holborn. . . . The Coroner's jury, after sifting the evidence, found the verdict — 'lunacy.'"

Now consider how the "new journalism" would treat such an affair. The first page would be chiefly occupied by illustrations and flaring headlines. The main picture would show the tragedy itself, the daughter driving the knife to her mother's heart, with the father and son rushing to drag her off. Supplementary to this would be small cuts showing: "The Knife With Which the Deed was Done — Full Size;" "The Mother as she looked in life;" "X-ray photograph showing the knife passing between the ribs and reaching the heart;" "The murderess being strapped down by young Lamb and a neighbor;" "The grief-stricken Brother;" "The Father;" "The House in which the crime was committed." The "story" would contain interviews with each member of the family, written to order by trained perverts, and there would be veiled hints of a shocking scandal or some hidden motive which led to the deed. Within a week one of the women of the "new journalism" would have gained access to

the place where the maniac was confined and secured an interview with her — or would have claimed as much — and one of the male sleuths would have discovered and published that Charles Lamb, himself, had been confined in a madhouse but a short time before. Names not mentioned! Grief too sacred to be entertaining! There would have been no detail of the family history or the tragedy, however painful, however ghoulish, however revolting to decency, that the "new journalism" would not have paraded. One picture is fact: the other is not overdrawn. The worst of this style of journalism is that it gradually befouls, perverts and debases the reader's mind until he is without power to tell good from bad. And it will flourish so long as it pays. What is needed is that public libraries, institutions and persons of influence should follow the example of the trustees of the Newark Free Library, who lately debarred two of the most conspicuous offenders. A general movement in this direction could not help but start a wholesome reaction in the minds of the community.

SHAM ROCKS.

'T WAS ON the sivinteenth of Mar-r-r-eh,  
I'd jist arrived from Cork,  
An' wint to sellin' shamrocks on  
The sidewalks of New York.

A big Dootch copper kim along,  
Siz he: "Vos habt wir hier?"  
"Sham rocks," sez I; an' he run me in  
Fur shovin' of the queer!

Carl Currie.

SIMPLICITY.

WOMAN. — Dresses are going to be terribly expensive this Spring.

ANOTHER WOMAN. — Yes; these very simple gowns that are coming in will take such a quantity of material and work!

SPAIN'S DEATH BLOW.

WELLINGTON. — The Spanish don't seem to be winning any battles lately.

MARSHALL. — No; — Weyler must have gotten writers' cramp.

IN WASHINGTON.

FIRST OFFICE-SEEKER. — I've seen President McKinley.

SECOND OFFICE-SEEKER — Appointed or disappointed?

SAME THING.

"They tell me the plot of that story is thick with mystery."  
"That's right. It's thick with Scotch dialect."



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THE RULING PASSION.

NEVADA JUSTICE (solemnly). — I now pronounce you husband and wife — shake hands — take your corners — and may the best man win!



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. New York, N.Y.

## THE QUARRELSOME EU

MADAM PEACE. — Goodness, gracious! — were there ever such troublesome children?





EUROPEAN NURSERY.

They are always promising to be good, and yet they are always squabbling!



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### THE HIT OF THE NIGHT.

Enthusiastic reception of Mr. Flameberg's tableau, "Nero Fiddling While Rome Burns," given at the annual entertainment of the Burnupski Social Club.

### A STUDIO ROMANCE.



HE ARTIST'S two guests had reveled in the wealth of his studio, and now the one who was a student was studying a folio of his sketches; but the other looked longingly about with wistful eyes and seemed to search a note she had not found.

In reply to a very light speech of the artist's, she spoke almost with pleading in her voice: "Tell me, have you not done something with more of fancy in it? Has there not come to you some face—different—more beautiful than any that your eyes have seen?"

"Than my eyes have seen to-day?" he began; but she turned away from him with disappointment.

Presently he was beside her again. "Please forgive me," he whispered. "I pretended not to understand, but I knew very well what you meant. Shall I tell you of the face that came to me?"

She clasped her hands, intent with sympathy.

"One night," he began, "I came here discouraged and in trouble. The moon shone through the window there, and I sat and smoked and thought in that vague light until sheer weakness must have overcome me. And then she came.

"She wore a ball-dress in the fashion of a hundred years ago, with powder and patch. Oh! she was bewitching—I was her lover. In that second of dreaming she showed me a thousand ways by which a woman can make a man her slave.

"When I awoke she was as real to me as though I had met her in the flesh, and I sat before my easel until I had brought my Dorothy out of the mist of dreams into the reality of my life.

"When she and I were alone here in the dusk, her dainty self would descend from the frame and pet and plague me with her witcheries until—ah! well, the women of her day were different from you. And then—would you not think I might have defied fate with such a sweetheart?"

"Was the picture destroyed?" breathlessly asked the girl.

"Worse! We were separated."

"Separated? How?"

"Mrs. Van Nouveau recognized her as an ancestor of hers, and my Dorothy's proud people took her away from me and she is gone forever."

And he bowed his head with grief.

L. Brewer.

### HE READ THE NEWSPAPERS.

TEACHER.—What is a foreigner?

BRIGHT BOY.—One who emigrates to the United States.

### FINICAL.

HERAN THAYER.—Is n't Goodsuit rather fastidious?  
OLIVER TOWNE.—Fastidious? Why, he's one of those fellows who comb their own hair in a barber shop!

### DATE, ET CETERA.

"Now, they speak of her as an up-to-date girl. What do you understand by that?"

"My boy, a girl that is up to date is up to anything."

### A HITCH.

FOREIGN PUBLISHER.—There is something wrong here. Chapter six was to be entitled "Impressions of Boston," but I find no manuscript for it.

DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR.—That is strange. I am almost certain I passed through Boston; and, if I did, I must have had *some* impressions of it; and, if I had, there must be something about them in the manuscript, somewhere.

### THE HUMOROUS NATURE.

"Haw! Haw! I see that old Gotrox has been swindled out of two hundred dollars by a confidence man."

"Anything funny about that?"

"Why, yes! Gotrox is an old friend of mine."

### ACCORDING TO "CENTRAL."

BROWN.—Do you think the telephone has increased business?

JONES.—Certainly! Three-quarters of the people you call up are sure to be busy.

### A LITERARY SMASH-UP.

"So, Dorothy is not going to marry Mr. Scrymser?"

"No; she kept talking to him about books he had n't read, and he got irritated and broke the engagement."

### A FAIR REBEL.

With shamrocks on St. Patrick's day  
She decked her auburn head,  
Her scorn for England to display—  
"The green above the red."



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### SUPERLATIVELY HARD.

FOND MOTHER.—I hope you are a hard student, Reginald?

COLLEGE STUDENT.—*Hard!* Why, Mother, I'm just like rocks! I'm the best trained man on the nine.



PERFECTION  
IN  
BREWING  
IS  
REACHED  
IN  
AMERICA

HAD  
BEEN  
SICK.

I met him sturdily trudging along, his color good, his clear eyes having that tranquil steadiness which speaks of strength and great reserve power. "I thought you were flat on your back," I said. "I was," he answered, "but as soon as the crisis came, I began to take

**PABST MALT EXTRACT,  
THE "BEST" TONIC.**

It put new life into me, brought back color, appetite, strength and health. It's marvelous for building one up after sickness. It gives vim and bounce, I tell you."

"I have taken time to give PABST MALT EXTRACT, The "Best" Tonic, a proper examination, and am pleased to inform you that I think it is the cleanest, chemically the purest and in sickness the best I ever used."

**JOHN T. SIMPSON, M. D.**  
President International Medical Parliament, Paris.



**MILWAUKEE BEER  
IS FAMOUS  
PABST HAS  
MADE IT SO**

**POCAHONTAS**

BINNER  
CHICAGO



# THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

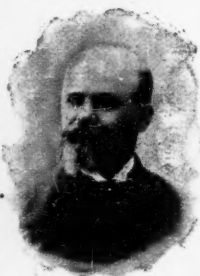
heads the list of the highest grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.

**SOHMER & CO.,**

Piano Manufacturers,  
149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

CHEW

**Beeman's**



The  
Original  
Pepsin  
Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.

EVERY man is a king in his own back yard.—  
*Ram's Horn.*

**Arnold  
Constable & Co.**

**ORIENTAL RUGS.**

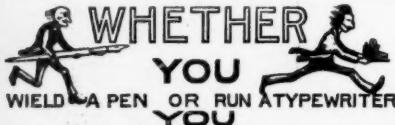
A. C. & Co. take pleasure in offering their Spring  
importations of Antique and Modern Rugs, all of  
which are rich in design and coloring.

Punjaubs,  
Oushaks,  
Persians,  
Gheordes.

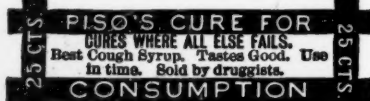
They have also received and are offering a beauti-  
ful lot of Kurdistan Rugs in desirable sizes, 6x9 feet  
to 9x12 feet.

**Broadway & 19th St.**

**NEW YORK.**



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YOU  
WIELD A PEN OR RUN A TYPEWRITER  
YOU**  
Need a First-class PAPER FASTENER. The  
best is none too good for you, and I make the  
best. Ask your dealer for the "Challenge,"  
or send \$3 for one, postpaid. Circular on  
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Bennington, Vt., U. S. A.



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BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 50 Beekman St.,  
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CINCINNATI, O.  
Popular Cocktails**

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MANHATTAN  
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TOM GIN  
CHAMPAGNE

Perfection in Combination,  
Quality, Purity and Brill-  
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For sale by all Leading  
Jobbers and Retailers.

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... HAS ...

Assets,  
**\$19,541,827**

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**\$14,158,445**

Surplus,  
**\$4,034,116**

Insurance in force,  
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Protects over half a million homes  
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**THE PRUDENTIAL**, furnishes Life Insurance for the whole family. Pre-  
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**FIVE YEARS STEADY SWEEP ONWARD**

	Dec. 31—1891.	Dec. 31—1896.	Increase in 5 years.
Assets, .....	\$6,889,674	\$19,541,827	\$12,652,153
Surplus, .....	1,449,057	4,034,116	2,585,059
Income, .....	6,703,631	14,158,445	7,454,813
Insurance in force, .....	157,560,342	320,453,483	162,893,141
Interest Earnings, .....	290,348	825,801	535,452

**\$1,260 OF ASSETS FOR EVERY  
\$1,000 OF LIABILITIES.**

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**THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA**

Home Office: Newark, N. J.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.



AT THE ART GALLERY.

"I like number eighty-one; don't you?"  
"Yes, indeed; but the price is so low  
that I have n't the courage to buy it."

**Half A MILLION Dollars**  
To be Given Away in Articles of Real Value to the Users of



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One Coupon in each 5 cent Package and Two Coupons in each 10 cent Package.  
Coupons Give Full Information and List of Valuable Articles.  
MAIL POUCH TOBACCO is sold by all Dealers. ILLUSTRATED CATA-  
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**THE BLOCH BROS. TOBACCO CO., WHEELING, WEST VA.**  
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The American Gentleman's  
DRINK.

FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND  
MEDICINAL USE.



10  
YEARS  
OLD.

THE  
BEST  
WHISKEY  
IN AMERICA

Endorsed by Leading Physicians

To ladies obliged to use a stimulant  
it is recommended because of its

Absolute Purity, Gentle Mellowness  
and Great Age.

Sold at all First-class Cafes and by Jobbers.

**WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.**

# One Loaf AND Another

One loaf of bread may be  
light, sweet and digestible.  
You may use the same mate-  
rials for another and have it  
heavy, sour and soggy. The  
knack is in putting the ingre-  
dients together just right. A  
substitute for Scott's Emulsion  
may have the same ingredi-  
ents and yet not be a perfect  
substitute, for no one knows  
how to put the parts together  
as we do. The secret of  
"how" is our business—  
twenty-five years of experi-  
ence has taught us the best  
way.

Two sizes 50 cts. and \$1.00.  
**SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.**

Now Ready: Puck's Quarterly, No. 4. 25 cts.



**The Prince of Wales**

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Abergeldie Castle, Aberdeenshire.  
Mr. Newman, Agent for Johann Hoff's  
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Please supply three dozen HOFF'S MALT  
EXTRACT, on account of H. R. H. Prince  
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By Goods Train to Abergeldie, Ballator, Aberdeenshire.

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

The genuine **JOHANN HOFF'S Malt Extract**  
makes flesh and blood. More strength in one bottle of  
**JOHANN HOFF'S Malt Extract** than in a cask of  
Ale, Beer, or Porter, without their intoxicating effects.

**EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agts., N. Y.**



# AFTER THE ELOPEMENT.

ARTIE.—Darling, you have no idea how anxious I was while you were coming down the rope-ladder. I was so afraid you had not fastened it securely above.

SUSIE.—You need n't have been alarmed, dear. Papa tied the knot for me.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## TALKING IT OVER.



There's not a thought of effort in riding a Stearns bicycle. It pedals so easily, runs so smoothly, that it is called "the easy-running Stearns."

That means good bearings and finest workmanship throughout.

Ask for a Yellow Fellow Year Book.

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TINKHAM CYCLE COMPANY, NEW YORK AGENTS,  
308—310 West 59th Street.

At fifteen, a girl quits playing, and begins to gad.—*Atchison Globe.*

## RAMBLER BICYCLES

"THE 18 YEAR OLD WHEELS"

1897  
POPULAR LIST PRICE  
**\$80.**

THE GREAT STRENGTH

for which RAMBLERS have always been famous, lies in the special care used in the selection of high class materials and thorough workmanship, the principal strengthening feature being the more expensive but stronger **LAP BRAZED JOINTS** WITH FISH-MOUTH OUTSIDE REINFORCEMENTS.

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## THIS IS CASTLY.

"You are doing right well to-day," said the match.

"Oh, yes!" answered the natural gas. "It is a cold day when I get turned down at headquarters."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

It is natural that when some people rise in the world they get giddy.—*Adams Freeman.*

## No. 4711. ESSENCE OF RHINE VIOLETS

A lasting scent of rare fragrance and delicacy. Has all the true odor of fresh natural Violets. BE SURE AND GET "No. 4711"

No. 4711 RHINE VIOLET TOILET WATER the latest novelty.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK. U.S. AGENTS.



## A SIN OF OMISSION.

HER FATHER.—I'm afraid I hurt the Count's feelings in talking with him to-day.  
HER MOTHER.—How? Did you mention money matters?  
HER FATHER.—No; I did not!

## VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"WHEN FATIGUED AND COMPLETELY WORN OUT, NO REMEDY CAN BE SO THOROUGHLY RELIED UPON AS VIN MARIANI."

CAMPANINI.

Write to **MARIANI & CO.**, for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS, PARIS: 41 Rue Hausmann. LONDON: 229 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK. Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.

JUSTICE.—Sambo, you say this chicken-stealing is a case of mistaken identity?  
SAMBO.—Yes, sah.

JUSTICE.—How do you make that out?

SAMBO.—Well, you see, sah, I was only out fer a lark.—*Adams Freeman.*

## M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars

EST. 1857.  
**COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST**

## IN THE ALPS.

DRIVER (arriving at a cliff, turning to the passengers in his wagon).—Here the road is only passable for asses, and I request the party to step out and walk ahead.—*German Exchange.*

"MADGE can read her husband like a book."  
"Yes; like a blank book."  
—*Norristown Herald.*

## VAN BIBBER CIGARETTES OR LITTLE CIGARS.

ALL IMPORTED TOBACCO.  
HIGHEST IN PRICE, FINEST IN QUALITY.  
25c. a Bundle, 10 in Bundle.

Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.  
H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.  
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

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Easy and Secure. Extra Super Webs. Finest Nickel Trimmings.

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CUSHION BUTTON — CLASP — Lies flat to the leg. Cannot Unfasten accidentally.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. Sample pair Mail Silk & Cotton. P.O. BOX 1604, GEORGE FROST CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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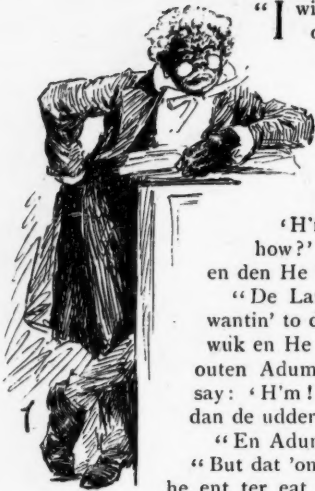
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## PHOENIX BICYCLES

are best of all high grade wheels. Our Art Catalogue gives all the good points, Sent Free. Stover Bicycle Mfg. Co., Freeport, Ills.

CONSIDERATION.  
FIRST BURGLAR.—We want to break it as gently as possible.  
SECOND BURGLAR.—Break what?  
FIRST BURGLAR.—The window pane.  
—*Texas Siftings.*  
TRYING to look like a sheep has never yet produced any wool on the back of a goat.—*Ram's Horn.*

"DE CAUSE OB DE FUSS."



"I wishes to impress on de unnerstanden of dis yer cungregashun de cl'ar cause ob de fuss wha' God had wif Adum," said Deacon Darkley. "Een de fust place, yo' know dat de Lawd gin Adum de Gah'den all to hissef, but Adum ent bin satefy. "De company ob de annimuls ent please Adum, en he go round sulkin', en de Lawd bin worry, en He scratch His haid en say: 'H'm! Wondah wha' dah feller wan' now, enny-how?' En He scratch He haid en scratch He haid, en den He t'ink of Ebe.

"De Lawd, my bredderen, ain't like yo' lazy niggers, wantin' to do a thing, en den puttin' hit off. He go to wuk en He mek Ebe outen a ugly rib, what bin stickin' outen Adum's side. En when He finish mekin' Ebe, He say: 'H'm! Reckon I mek a better job on dis yer one, dan de udder!' En God bin glad!

"En Adum bin glad, too.

"But dat 'oman ain't bin satefy! De Lawd dun tole Adum he ent ter eat ob de apple tree, en dat onery 'oman keep a-lookin' at dah tree, en a-lookin' at it, en last she listen to de Sarpent, en pick de apple. Den she tek de apple to Adum, en mek him eat um, too.

"Atter while God come eroun' en holler, 'Yo', Adum!'

"En Adum bin so scare, he crawl een de bushes. En God holler 'gen, 'Yo, Adum! En Adum shake een he shoes, but he ent say a word.

"Den God bin MAD! MAD! En He lif up He voice en yell, 'YO', ADUM!' Den Adum crawl outen de bushes, en shove Ebe in front ob hissef, en say, 'Yere I is, Lawd.'

"En God say, 'Ent I tole yo' not to eat dah apple? Why yo' eat up dah apple, yo' mean feller?'

"En Adum scratch on de groun' wif he toe, en look at God outen de corner ob he eye, en say, 'Ebe tole me for do um, Suh.'

"Den God bin Madder! En He tek Adum by de scruff ob he



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NOT WASTING HIS MONEY.

HIS WIFE. — Der doctor don't know yet vot 's der matter mit you.

THE PATIENT. — Vell, if he dond't find oud before I get better, I von't pay him vun cendt.

neck en de seat ob he britches en fling him ober de wall, en say, 'Go wuk foh yo' liben!'

"I hopes now dah dis 'yer cungregashun unnerstan's de cause ob de fuss, atter I dun mek hit so cl'ar to dem.

"Brudder Washingt'n will now pass de basket, while de cungregashun sings de hymn, 'I lubs to Steal a w'ile.'"

Tom Lois Newton.



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HE KNEW BETTER.

SAGE. — They say tobacco is bad for the memory.

MORGAN. — I don't believe it. I have n't been able to forget that cigar you gave me six months ago.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

"Excuse me, Mister, but won't ye give me a dime or a nickel to git a place to sleep an' somet'in' t' eat? I ain't had nothin' in —

Thus pleaded the beggar.

"If you 're hungry, come along and I'll buy you a meal," replied the well-dressed man.

The beggar turned away and an expression of bitterness came upon his features.

"They're all the same," he muttered; "I ask them for 'rocks' —

He clenched his teeth and gnashed his fists.

"— And they offer me bread."

HIS WAY.

ASKINS. — How in the world did you ever find such a treasure in the way of a coachman?

SAGELY. — I advertised for one that was neither too sober nor too honest.

HIS BUSINESS.

FROGSEY GOOGAN. — When Pearl caught fire at de shin-dig, who put her out?

BILL BIFFEM (*briefly*). — De bouncer.

THE MAN who rocks the boat should be made to paddle his own canoe.



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WHICH ONE?

MR. ROLLER (*at 2 a. m., before a row of keyholes*). — Ony wantsh one; sho here goesh — Eenie, Meenie, Mynie Mo!



A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the world

## THE CLUB ~ COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, WHISKEY, TOM GIN, MARTINI, HOLLAND GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

So handy to have in the house; can be served in a minute's notice. You will not be found just out of the necessities to make a cocktail. Having tried our bottled "Cocktails," you will never be without them.



These Cocktails are made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. The proportions being accurate, they will always be found uniform.

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Arrangements suited to all. New routes, best accommodations.  
High-class select Parties, leaving March 27, May 8, May 29, June 9, 26. Also  
**GRAND SUMMER CRUISE OF S. S. OHIO,**  
70 days for \$475 up, leaving June 26.  
**Special Programme of Lower-Priced VACATION TOURS TO EUROPE.**  
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*Opheana* 23-24  
TRADE MARK  
 25¢  
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FACTORIES TROY, N.Y.

**CANDY** Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,  
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212 State St., Chicago.

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**Prof. Fowler, Modus, Conn.**

**Blair's Pills**  
Great English Remedy for  
**GOUT and RHEUMATISM.**  
SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.  
Druggists, or 224 William St., New York.

**DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED.**  
Our INVISIBLE TUBES cushion help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard.  
Send to F. Hiccox Co., 855 Broadway, N. Y., for Book and Proof. **FREE**

**BARKEEPER'S FRIEND**  
METAL POLISH—Safe, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre, never spoils, guaranteed pound box 25¢ at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK, No. 23.

HE.—You always seem to keep on the right side of your chaperon.  
SHE.—Yes; she is deaf in that ear.—*Yale Record.*

**HOTEL TRAYMORE,**  
Atlantic City, N. J.  
Location unexcelled. Appointments complete. D. S. White, Jr., Prop'r.

FRIENDSHIP among women is a plant of which we don't know in August whether it will bear bitter or sweet fruit in September.—*German Ex.*

**CRAWFORD BICYCLES**  
**\$50**  
Tandems, \$100  
Boys' and Girls' Bicycles \$45, \$40, \$35  
Simple, durable machines of fine workmanship and handsome finish. Guaranteed for one year.  
**CRAWFORD MFG. CO.**  
Send for Catalogue.—Hagerstown, Md.

EVERY woman exaggerates a man's income when she marries him, and when she sues for alimony.—*Atchison Globe.*

A little of Abbott's—the Original Angostura Bitters—may save you a doctor's bill. Gives snap to table water. At Druggists and dealers.

THERE'S nothing makes a man madder than to know he has made a fool of himself after having his own way about it.—*Adams Freeman.*

**No. 4 BULLS-EYE .. \$12.00.**  
  
For 4x5 Pictures.

## As Simple as a Pocket Kodak.

Loads in daylight with our light-proof Film Cartridges. Fitted with achromatic lens, improved shutter and set of three stops. Handsome finish.

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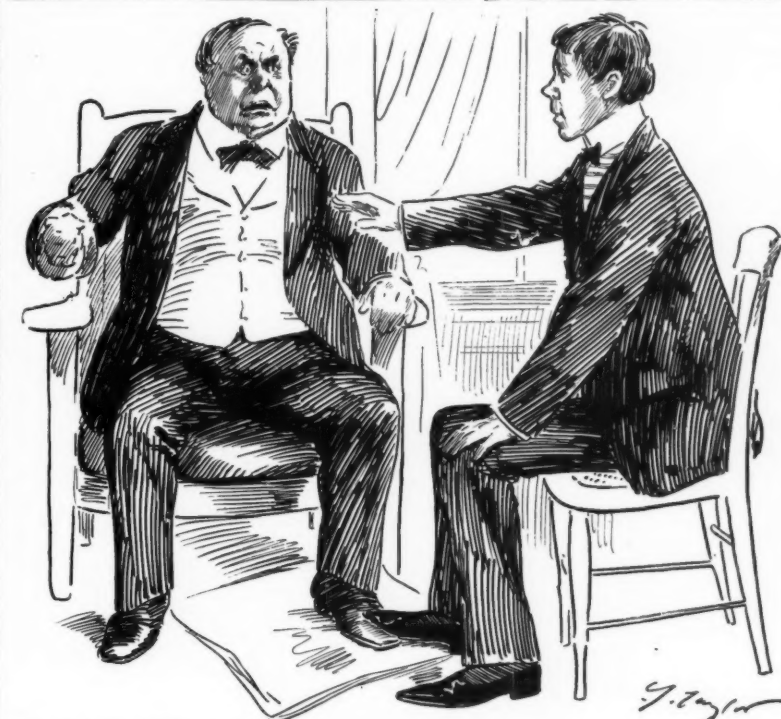
**THE WINTON BICYCLE CO.,**  
136 Perkins Ave., Cleveland, O.  
N. Y. office, 123 Chambers Street.  
Philadelphia, office, 17 N. Tenth St.

"I SHALL kiss you good-by when I go," he said.  
"Leave me instantly!" she replied.  
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

**DRUNKENNESS IS A DISEASE.**  
Will send free Book of Particulars how to cure "Drunk-ness or the Liquor Habit" with or without the knowledge of the patient. Address  
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HE.—I used to be the light of your life, so you told me.  
SHE.—I admit it; but that was before you staid out all night.—*Adams Freeman.*

You know that Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters is the only genuine. Don't be deceived by unscrupulous dealers, who want to impose on you with spurious imitations.



## PATERNAL SHORTSIGHTEDNESS.

OLD GOTROX (indignantly).—I am surprised, sir, that you should be so destitute of all reason as to ask for my daughter's hand in marriage!  
YOUNG HARDUPP.—Well, you need n't be,—that girl has some really fine points about her; you don't know her as well as I do, or you would think the world of her.

## Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(E. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are more durable and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale of  
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## BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetiser, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

**REMODELLING** of faces to suit owners. Consultation free, charges moderate, satisfaction guaranteed. **JOHN H. WOODBURY**, 127 West 42d Street, New York. Book sent for 2-cent stamp.

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with Universal Mending Tissue. No needle and thread required. Mends anything from a tear in the seat of your trousers to a hole in your glove. Permanent, invisible, waterproof. Easy and quick. Price per package, 25 cents. Liberal pay to agents.  
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**OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS**  
Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. **DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEANON, OHIO.**

**WANTED—AN IDEA.** Write John Wedderburn & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,800 prize.

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The tire is nine points of cycling. Poor tires make poor riding, no matter how fine the wheel, while a good tire makes a poor wheel almost good. We believe that the New Brunswick Tire is the most perfect combination of lightness and strength, resiliency and endurance among all tires. We believe the

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The Best Tires Made.

They should be for these three reasons: We have the largest single-tube tire factory in America; we have the oldest and most-experienced workmen in the tire business; and we can buy raw materials lower than any other company. We ought to make the best tire. And yet it costs no more than other tires.

We make both Basket Tread and smooth. Obtainable from any dealer, and on any wheel. Write for illustrated pamphlet; or send a two-cent stamp for six photograph cards nearly cabinet size.

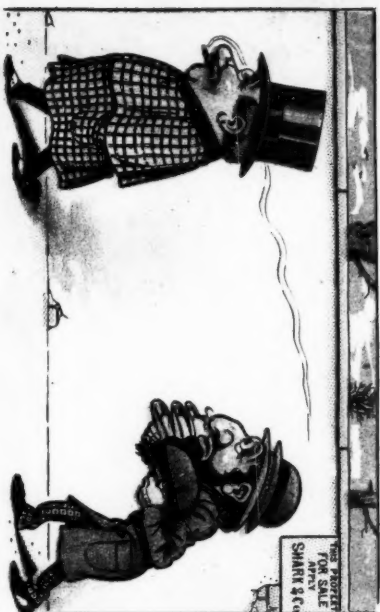
**NEW BRUNSWICK TIRE CO.,**  
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.  
New York. Boston. Chicago.

## Pickings from Puck, No. 28.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE MOUNTAIN SCENERY. The Christian Endeavor Society will use the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad and the Rio Grande Western Ry., in going to their meeting in San Francisco, in July, 1907. Write to H. E. TURPIN, Gen. Agent, 353 Broadway, N. Y. City, for descriptive books and other information.

**FASTEST TRAINS IN THE WORLD — ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.**

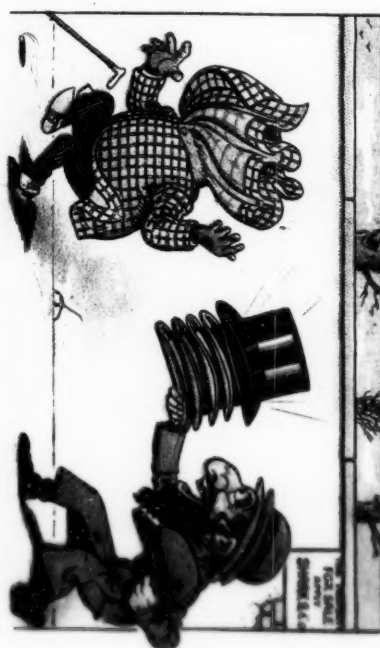
**4 DAYS TO CALIFORNIA. THE ITALY OF AMERICA.**  
**SUNSET LIMITED**  
A LUXURIOUS HOTEL ON WHEELS. LADIES COMPARTMENT CAR. DINING CAR. SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO'S. SUNSET ROUTE. 349B WAY AND N. BATTERY PLACE. WASHINGTON BLDG.  
LEAVE NEW YORK TUESDAY & SATURDAY.



MR. DAWSON.—Ah! I like these blustery, windy mornings.



MR. DAWSON.—Phew! *That* was a gust.



ITINERANT HAT COLLECTOR.—Dings vas gomin' my way. Dot vas a good finger.



ITINERANT HAT COLLECTOR.—I vill schoost gover it mit dis odder von.  
MR. DAWSON.—I don't wear cape coats after this. Where's my hat?



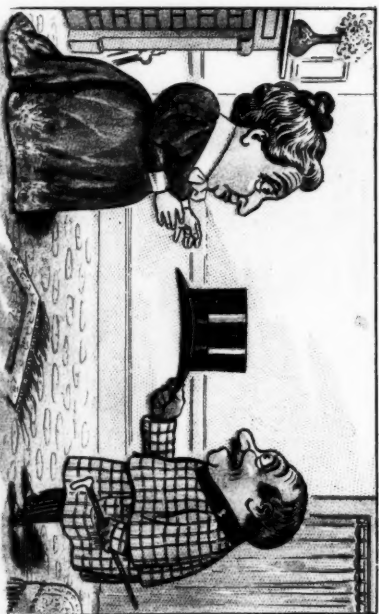
MR. DAWSON.—Well, I'll be hanged! My hat no-where in sight. It must have blown over that wall. Well, I'm in a pretty fix! I'll catch my death of cold, bareheaded in this wind.



MR. DAWSON.—Ah! perhaps this Jew will sell me one of those hats. Have you a hat there to fit me, my friend?



THE ITINERANT COLLECTOR.—Dot vas too pad your hat plows over der wall. Yes, I haf a hat vat I schoost pougt from Mr. Vanderbilt. Ach! So heelp me gracious! it vas schoost your size, undt I sell him for free tollar.



MR. DAWSON.—Marty, I had a very funny experience. My hat blew off and went over a garden wall. A hat peddler came along just in the nick of time and sold me this one for three dollars. It is just as good as new.



MRS. DAWSON (*in disgust*).—James Dawson, there are no fools like an old fool! You had better wear a bonnet tied on with strings the next time you go out in the wind. This is your own hat, and has your name inside.